THE
REHEARSAL,

As it was Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

LONDON,

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PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this short Mock-play of ours
A Posie made of Weeds instead of Flowers;
Yet such have been presented to your noses,
And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em Roses.
Would some of 'em were here, to see, this night,
What stuff it is in which they took delight.
Here, brisk, insipid Blades, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull sence; but oft'ner, none at all:
There, strutting Heroes, with a grim-fac'd train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyses *vain.*
For (changing Rules, of late, as if men writ
In spite of Reason, Nature, Art, and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragœdy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now, Critiques, do your worst, that here are met;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve; I shall assume the state
Of those high-flyers whom I imitate:
And justly too; for I will shew you more
Than ever they vouchsaf'd to shew before:
I will both represent the feats they do,
And give you all their reasons for 'em too.
Some honour to me will from this arise.
But if, by my endeavours, you grow wise,
And what was once so prais'd you now despise;
Then I'l cry out, swell'd with Poetique rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, *have reform'd your Stage.*

The

The Actors Names.

Bayes.
Johnson.
Smith.
Two Kings of *Brentford.*
Prince *Pretty-man.*
Prince *Volscius.*
Gentleman Usher.
Physician.
Drawcansir.
General.
Lieutenant General.
Cordelio.
Tom Thimble.
Fisherman.
Sun.
Thunder.
Players.
Souldiers.
Two Heralds.
Four Cardinals.
Mayor.
Judges.
Serjeants at Arms.

Women.

Amaryllis.
Cloris.
Parthenope.
Pallas.
Lightning.
Moon.
Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

Scene *Brentford.*

THE

THE REHEARSAL.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

Johnson *and* Smith.

Johns. HOneſt *Frank!* I'm glad to ſee thee with all my heart: how long haſt thou been in Town?

Smi. Faith, not above an hour: and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the ſtrange new things we have heard in the Country.

Johns. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantaſtical things, we are tir'd out with here.

Smi. Dull and fantaſtical! that's an excellent compoſition. Pray, what are our men of buſineſs doing?

Johns. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou know'ſt my humour lyes another way. I love to pleaſe my ſelf as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: and therefore do naturally avoid the company of thoſe ſolemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reaſon, and inſenſible of Wit and Pleaſure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of Buſineſs.

Smi. Indeed, I have ever obſerved, that your grave lookers are the dulleſt of men.

Johnſ. I, and of Birds, and Beaſts too: your graveſt Bird is an Owl, and your graveſt Beaſt is an Aſs.

Smi. Well; but how doſt thou paſs thy time?

Johnſ. Why, as I uſe to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a She-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and ſometimes ſee a Play: where there are ſuch things (*Frank*) ſuch hideous, monſtrous things, that it has almoſt made me forſwear the Stage, and reſolve to apply my ſelf to the ſolid nonſence of your pretenders to Buſineſs, as the more ingenious paſtime.

Smi. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays, and our Country-wits commend 'em.

Johnſ. I, ſo do ſome of our City-wits too; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

Smi. New kind? what kind is that?

Johnſ. Why, your Blade, your frank Perſons, your Drolls: fellows that ſcorn to imitate Nature; but are given altogether to elevate and ſurpriſe.

Smi. Elevate, and ſurpriſe? pr'ythee make me underſtand the meaning of that.

Johnſ. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't underſtand that my ſelf. 'Tis a phraſe they have got among them, to expreſs their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as well as I can, what it is. Let me ſee; 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but Thinking and Sence.

Mr. Bayes *paſſes o'er the Stage.*

Bayes. Your moſt obſequious, and moſt obſervant, very ſervant, Sir.

Johnſ. Godſo, this is an Author: I'l fetch him to you.

Smi. Nay, pr'ythee let him alone.

Johnſ. Nay, by the Lord, I'l have him. [*Goes after him.* Here he is. I have caught him. Pray, Sir, for my ſake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my ſmall capacity to do favours,

but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this.---- Sweet Sir, your servant.

Smi. Your humble servant, Sir.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

Bayes. I, Sir: what is't?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean the Plot.

Johns. I, I; any thing.

Bayes. Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may say is a Virgin; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing. 'Tis all new Wit; and, though I say it, a better than my last: and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew, ay, and pit, box and gallery, I gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This morning is its last Rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you, and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its Virgin attire; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be asham'd to discover its nakedness unto you.——I think it is o' this side. [*Puts his hand in his pocket.*

Johns. Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smi. I, Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of *Drama Common places*; the Mother of many other Plays.

Johns. *Drama Common places!* pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smi. How, Sir, help for Wit?

Bayes. I, Sir, that's my position. And I do here averr, That no man yet the Sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, except it be with the help of these my Rules.

Johns. What are those Rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first Rule is the Rule of Transversion, or *Regula Duplex:* changing Verse into Prose, or Prose into verse, *alternative* as you please.

Smi. How's that, Sir, by a Rule, I pray?

Bayes. Why, thus, Sir; nothing more ease when understood: I take a Book in my hand, either at home, or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any Wit in't, as there is no Book but has some, I Transverse it; that is, if it be Prose, put it into Verse, (but that takes up some time) if it be Verse, put it into Prose.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verse into Prose should be call'd Transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, a very good Notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smi. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis so alter'd that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, and by way of Table-Book. Pray observe.

Johns. Well, we hear you: go on.

Bayes. As thus. I come into a Coffee-house, or some other place where wittie men resort, I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that, too, my own.

Johns. But, Mr. *Bayes*, are not you sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

Bayes. No, Sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir; that's my third Rule that I have here in my pocket.

Smi. What Rule can that be?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it as other men do; but presently turn over this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perseus*,

Montaigne, *Seneca's Tragedies*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Claudian*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch's lives*, and the reſt, have ever thought, upon this ſubject: and ſo, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the buſineſs is done.

Johnſ. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as ſure, and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. I, Sirs, when you come to write your ſelves, o' my word you'l find it ſo. But, Gentlemen, if you make the leaſt ſcruple of the efficacie of theſe my Rules, do but come to the Play-houſe, and you ſhall judge of 'em by the effects.

Smi. We'l follow you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I do not underſtand how it is to be ſpoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is ſuch a one, as I can't gheſs for my life what humour I'm to be in: whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1. Phoo! the Author will be here preſently, and he'l tell us all. You muſt know, this is the new way of writing; and theſe hard things pleaſe forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand deſign upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in ſuſpence; for to gheſs preſently at the plot, and the ſence, tires 'em before the end of the firſt Act: now, here, every line ſurpriſes you, and brings in new matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths and Dancing, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: and theſe are the things, you know, that are eſſential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, ſo it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnſon *and* Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in, Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome. Mr. ——a—— Ha' you your Part ready?

1 *Play.* Yes, Sir.

Bayes. But do you underſtand the true humour of it?

1 *Play.* I, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And *Amarillis*, how does ſhe do? Does not her Armor become her?

3 *Play.*

3 *Play.* O, admirably!

Bayes. I'l tell you, now, a pretty conceipt. What do you think I'l make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

Smi. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why I'l make 'em call her *Armarillis*, because of her Armor: ha, ha, ha.

Johns. That will be very well, indeed.

Bayes. I, it's a pretty little rogue; she is my Mistress. I knew her face would set off Armor extreamly: and, to tell you true, I writ that Part only for her. Well, Gentlemen, I dare be bold to say, without vanity, I'l shew you something, here, that's very ridiculous, I gad. [*Exeunt Players.*

Johns. Sir, that we do not doubt of.

Bayes. Pray, Sir, let's sit down. Look you, Sir, the chief hindge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the thing in Nature that make up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I suppose two Kings to be of the same place: as, for example, at *Brentford*; for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that; are divided among themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: these Kings differing sometimes in particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my self well understood.

Johns. I did not observe you, Sir: pray say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'l never understand my notion of the thing) the people being embarrast by their equal tyes to both, and the Soveraigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people; may make a certain kind of a—— you understand me—— upon which, there does arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that—— In fine, you'l apprehend it better when you see it.

[*Exit, to call the Players.*

Smi.

Smi. I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any ſence of this.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both ſerve for either: (do you mark?) nay, they may both ſerve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this.

Smi. Very well. That's, indeed, Artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your judgements, now, which of them would do beſt for the Prologue? For, you muſt know, there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by civility, by inſinuation, good language, and all that, to —— a ——— in a manner, ſteal your plaudit from the courteſie of the Auditors: the other, by making uſe of ſome certain perſonal things, which may keep a hank upon ſuch cenſuring perſons, as cannot otherways, A gad, in nature, be hindred from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my firſt Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great huge Hang-man behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, That if, out of good nature, they will not like my Play, why I gad, I'l e'en kneel down, and he ſhall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping —— a ——

Smi. But, ſuppoſe they do not.

Bayes. Suppoſe! Sir, you may ſuppoſe what you pleaſe, I have nothing to do with your ſuppoſe, Sir, nor am not at all mortifi'd at it; not at all, Sir; I gad, not one jot. Suppoſe quoth a!—— [*Walks away.*

Johnſ. Phoo! pr'ythee, *Bayes*, don't mind what he ſays: he's a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the reliſh, here, of the Town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to pleaſe the Country, I ſhould have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for ſome perſons of Quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that underſtand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me the right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

Johnſ. I, I, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes.

Bayes. I'm ſure the deſign's good: that cannot be deny'd. And then, for language, I gad, I defie 'em all, in nature, to mend it. Beſides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred ſheets of papyr, to inſinuate the Plot into the Boxes: and withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends, to be readie in the Pit, who, I'm ſure, will clap, and ſo the reſt, you know, muſt follow; and then pray, Sir, what becomes of your ſuppoſe? ha, ha, ha.

Johnſ. Nay, if the buſineſs be ſo well laid, it cannot miſs.

Bayes. I think ſo, Sir: and therefore would chuſe this for the Prologue. For if I could engage 'em to clap, before they ſee the Play, you know 'twould be ſo much the better; becauſe then they were engag'd: for, let a man write never ſo well, there are, now-a-days, a ſort of perſons, they call Critiques, that, I gad, have no more wit in 'em than ſo many Hobby-horſes; but they'l laugh you, Sir, and find fault, and cenſure things that, A gad, I'm ſure they are not able to do themſelves. A ſort of envious perſons, that emulate the glories of perſons of parts, and think to build their fame, by calumniating of perſons that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all perſons in the world are, in nature, the perſons that do as much deſpiſe all that, as —— a —— In fine, I'l ſay no more of 'em.

Johnſ. I, I, you have ſaid enough of 'em in conſcience: I'm ſure more than they'l ever be able to anſwer.

Bayes. Why, I'l tell you, Sir, ſincerely, and *bona fide*; were it not for the ſake of ſome ingenious perſons, and choice female ſpirits, that have a value for me, I would ſee 'em all hang'd before I would e'er more ſet pen to papyr; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

Johnſ. I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: and, if I were in your place, now, I would do it.

Bayes. No, Sir; there are certain tyes upon me, that I cannot be diſingag'd from; otherwiſe, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my hang-man?

Smi. By my troth, Sir, I ſhould like him very well.

Bayes. I, but how do you like it? (for I ſee you can judge)

Would

Would you have it for the Prologue, or the Epilogue?

Johns. Faith, Sir, it's so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

Johns. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Johns. That's greater: I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; though there have been many wittie Prologues written of late, yet I think you'l say this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue: and as, in my first, you see I strive to oblige the Auditors by civility, by good nature, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in Terrorem*, I chuse for the persons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the conceipt?

Johns. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'l be hang'd, before they'l dare affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate, daintie *Simile's* in the whole world, I gad, if I knew but how to applie it.

Smi. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an alusion to love.

So Boar and Sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the Skie:
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chesnunt Groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd Loves.
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snort, and gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

Johns. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine; and very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, because it speaks of a Storm.

Bayes. I gad, and so it does, now I think on't. Mr. *Johnson*, I thank you; and I'l put it in *profecto*. Come out, *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Enter Thunder *and* Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*—

Bayes. Mr. *Clatwright*, pr'ythee speak a little louder, and with a hoarser voice. I am the bold *Thunder*? Pshaw! speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold *Thunder*.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*—

Light. The brisk *Lightning*, I.

Bayes. Nay, you must be quick and nimble.

The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest *Hector* of the Skie.

Light. And I, fair *Helen*, that made *Hector* die.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the Town.

Thun. Let the Critiques take heed how they grumble,
For then begin I for to rumble!

Light. Let the Ladies allow us their graces.
Or I'l blast all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their Peter to soot.

Thun. Let the Critiques look to't.

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.

Thun. For *Thunder* will do't.

Light. For *Lightning* will shoot.

Thun. I'l give you dash for dash.

Light. I'l give you flash for flash.
Gallants, I'l singe your Feather.

Thun. I'l *Thunder* you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'l do't, we'l do't: look to't, we'l do't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*

[*Exeunt Ambo.*

Bayes. That's all. 'Tis but a flash of a Prologue; a Droll.

Smi. 'Tis short, indeed; but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the *simile* is in, it will do to a Miracle, I gad. Come, come; begin the Play.

Enter

Enter first Players.

1 *Play.* Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but he'l be here presently, he's but two doors off.

Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of Tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primi.

ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, Johnson *and* Smith.

Bayes. NOw, Sir, because I'l do nothing here that ever was done before— [*Spits.*

Smi. A very notable design, for a Play, indeed.

Bayes. Instead of beginning with a Scene that discovers something of the Plot, I begin this with a whisper.

Smi. That's very new.

Bayes. Come, take your seats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I should ghess you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

Ush. And, by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings, under the notion of Physician.

Phys. You hit my Function right.

Ush. And you, mine.

Phys. Then let's imbrace.

Ush. Come then.

Phys. Come.

Johns. Pray, Sir, who are those two so very civil persons?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Gentleman Usher, and Physicians of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

Johns. But how comes it to pass, then, that they know one another so better?

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Intrigue.

Johns. Very well.

Phys. Sir, to conclude,

Smi. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, Sir; you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smi. Where? in the Tyring-room?

Bayes. Why ay, Sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

Phys. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all these threatning storms which, like impregnant Clouds, do hover o'er our heads, (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

Johns. Yes; that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

Phys. But yet some rumours great are stirring, and if *Lorenzo* should prove false, (as none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find, that—— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now they whisper!

Ush. Alone, do you say?

Phys. No; attended with the noble—— [*Whispers.*

Ush. Who, he in gray?

Phys. Yes; and at the head of—— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Pray mark.

Ush. Then, Sir, most certain, 'twill in time appear. These are the reasons that induc'd 'em to't. First, he—— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now t'other whispers.

Ush. Secondly, they—— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. He's at it still.

Ush.

Ush. Thirdly, and lastly, both he, and they——[*Whispers.*

Bayes. There they both whisper. [*Exeunt Whispering.* Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

Johns. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the same place?

Bayes. Why? because it's new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your *Johnson*, and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancie, I.

Smi. But what think you of Sir *John Suckling*, Sir?

Bayes. By gad, I am a better Poet than he.

Smi. Well, Sir; but pray why all this whispering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are suppos'd to be Polititians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

Smi. But then, Sir, why——

Bayes. Sir, if you'l but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth Act, you'l find it a piece of patience not ill recompenc'd. [*Goes to the door.*

Johns. How dost thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not just as I told thee?

Smi. Why, I did never, before this, see any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr. *Bayes* says) so foolish, but I could give some ghess at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

Johns. Why, 'tis all alike: Mr. *Wintershull* has inform'd me of this Play before. And I'l tell thee, *Frank*, thou shalt not see one Scene here, that either properly ought to come in, or is like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

Smi. It does surprise me, I am sure, very much.

Johns. I, but it won't do so long: by that time thou hast seen a Play or two, that I'l shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

SCÆNA

SCÆNA II.

Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

Bayes. THese are the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their ſtile: 'twas never yet upon the Stage; but, if you like it, I could make a ſhift, perhaps, to ſhew you a whole Play, written all juſt ſo.

1 *King.* Did you obſerve their whiſper, brother King?

2 *King.* I did; and heard beſides a grave Bird ſing
That they intend, ſweet-heart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This, now, is familiar, becauſe they are both perſons of the ſame Qualitie.

Smi. 'Sdeath, this would make a man ſpew.

1 *King.* If that deſign appears,
I'l lug 'em by the ears
Until I make 'em crack.

2 *King.* And ſo will I, i'fack.

1 *King.* You muſt begin, *Mon foy.*

2 *King.* Sweet, Sir, *Pardonnez moy.*

Bayes. Mark that: I Makes 'em both ſpeak *French*, to ſhew their breeding.

Johnſ. O, 'tis extraordinary fine.

2 *King.* Then, ſpite of Fate, we'l thus combined ſtand;
And, like true brothers, walk ſtill hand in hand.

[*Exeunt Reges.*

Johnſ. This is a very Majeſtick Scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a cruſt, a laſting cruſt for your Rogue Critiques, I gad: I would fain ſee the proudeſt of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I gad, if they do, this ſhall rub their gums for 'em, I promiſe you. It was I, you muſt know, writ the Play I told you of, in this very Stile: and ſhall I tell you a very good jeſt? I gad, the Players would not act it: ha, ha, ha.

Smi. That's impoſſible.

Bayes.

Bayes. I gad, they would not, Sir: ha, ha, ha. They refus'd it, I gad, the silly Rogues: ha, ha, ha.

Johns. Fie, that was rude.

Bayes. Rude! I gad, they are the rudest, uncivilest persons, and all that, in the whole world: I gad, there's no living with 'em. I have written, Mr. *Johnson*, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things, every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to gad, these insolent Raskals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hands again.

Johns. Strange fellows indeed.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came these two Kings to know of this whisper? for, as I remember, they were not present at it.

Bayes. No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine; for the Kings should (a pox take 'em) have pop'd both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

Smi. That, indeed, would ha' done it.

Bayes. Done it! Ay, I gad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendom. I'l tell you, Mr. *Johnson*, I vow to gad, I have been so highly disoblig'd, by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I am resolv'd, hereafter, to bend all my thoughts for the service of the *Nursery*, and mump your proud Players, I gad.

SCÆNA III.

Enter Prince Pretty-man.

Pret. HOw strange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuse my Love, or blame my Fate?
My Love, I cannot; that is too Divine:
And against Fate what mortal dares repine?

Enter Cloris.

But here she comes.
Sure 'tis some blazing Comet, is it not? *Lyes down.*

Bayes. Blazing Comet! mark that. I gad, very fine.

Pret.

Pret. But I am ſo ſurpris'd with ſleep, I cannot ſpeak the reſt. [*ſleeps.*

Bayes. Does not that, now, ſurpriſe you, to fall aſleep juſt in the nick? His ſpirits exhale with the heat of his paſſion, and all that, and ſwop falls aſleep, as you ſee. Now, here, ſhe muſt make a *ſimile.*

Smi. Where's the neceſſity of that, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Becauſe ſhe's ſurpris'd. That's a general Rule: you muſt ever make a *ſimile* when you are ſurpris'd; 'tis the new way of writing.

Cloris. As ſome tall Pine, which we, on *Ætna*, find
T' have ſtood the rage of many a boyſt'rous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would conſume his Root and Sap away;
He ſpreads his worſted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So, ſhrowded up, your bright eye diſappears.
Break forth, bright ſcorching Sun, and dry my tears.
[*Exit.*

Bayes. I am afraid, Gentlemen, this Scene has made you ſad; for I muſt confeſs, when I writ it, I wept my ſelf.

Smi. No, truly, Sir, my ſpirits are almoſt exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall aſleep.

Prince Pretty-man *ſtarts up, and ſays*——

Pret. It is reſolv'd. [*Exit.*

Smi. Mr. *Bayes*, may one be ſo bold as to ask you a queſtion, now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. O Lord, Sir, you may ask me what you pleaſe. I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you ſay that, Sir.

Smi. Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has reſolv'd in his ſleep?

Bayes. Why, I muſt confeſs, that queſtion is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you muſt know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* ſecret till the very laſt Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir, do you mark me —— a —— *Smi.*

Smi. Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all?

Bayes. I do so, that's the very plain truth on't: ha, ha, ha; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of business: pray observe it; for I dare say you'l think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Debate I over-heard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCÆNA IV.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Ush. COme, Sir; let's state the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phys. Right: lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a pipe of Tobacco in my mouth, and then I whew it away, i'faith.

Bayes. I do just so, I gad, always.

Ush. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper? which I divide thus: into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

Johns. Most admirably divided, I swear.

Ush. As to the when; you say just now: so that is answer'd. Then, for what; why, what answers it self: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *Videlicet*, whether they heard or no?

Smi. This is a very wise Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Yes; you have it right: they are both Polititians. I writ this Scene for a pattern, to shew the world how men should talk of business.

Johns. You have done it exceeding well, indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think this will do.

Phys. Well, if they heard us whisper, they'l turn us out, and no bodie else will take us.

Ush. No bodie else will take us.

Smi. Not for Polititians, I dare answer for it.

Phys. Let's then no more our selves in vain bemoan:
We are not safe until we them unthrone.

Ush. 'Tis right:
And, since occasion now seems debonair,
I'l seize on this, and you shall take that chair.

They draw their Swords, and sit down in the two great chairs upon the Stage.

Bayes. There's now an odd surprise; the whole State's turn'd quite topsi-turvy, without any puther or stir in the whole world, I gad.

Johns. A very silent change of a Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The Usurpers march out flourishing their swords.*

Enter Shirley.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho: what a change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say. [*Exit.*

Smi. But, pray, Sir, how came they to depose the Kings so easily?

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one reason why I made 'em whisper so at first.

Smi. O, very well: now I'm fully satisfi'd.

Bayes. And then, to shew you, Sir, it was not done so very easily neither; in this next Scene you shall see some fighting.

Smi. O, ho: so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done?

Bayes. Aye.

Smi. O, I conceive you: that is very natural.

SCÆNA

SCENA V.

Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their swords drawn.

1 *Soldier.* STand. Who goes there?

2 *Sol.* A friend.

1 *Sol.* What friend?

2 *Sol.* A friend to the House.

1 *Sol.* Fall on. [*They all kill one another. Musick strikes.*

Bayes. Hold, hold. [*To the Musick. It ceaseth.* Now here's an odd surprise: all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead men? remember your Note in *Effaut flat*. Play on. [*To the Musick.* Now, now, now. [*The Musick play his Note, and the dead men rise; but cannot get in order.* O Lord, O Lord! Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so? no figure, no ear, no time, no thing? you dance worse than the Angels in *Harry* the Eight, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempest*, I gad.

1 *Sol.* Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! impossible? why, Gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I sate up two whole nights in composing this Air, and fitting it for the business: for, if you observe, there are two several Designs in this Tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time, and time; you shall see me do it. Look you now. Here I am dead. [*Lyes down flat on his face.* Now mark my Note in *Effaut flat*. Strike up Musick. Now. [*As he rises up hastily, he tumbles and falls down again.* Ah, gadsookers, I have broke my Nose.

Johns. By my troth, Mr. *Bayes*, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut flat*.

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd Stage, with your ails, and

your tenter-hooks, that a man cannot come to teach you to Act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the divel and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown papyr?

Smi. No indeed, Sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2 *Sol.* Sir, I'l go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I'l follow you. Pray dance out the Dance, and I'l be with you in a moment. Remember you four that you dance like Horsemen. [*Exit* Bayes.

They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.

1 *Sol.* A Devil! let's try this no more; play my Dance that Mr. *Bayes* found fault with. [*Dance, & Exeunt.*

Smi. What can this fool be doing all this while about his nose?

Johns. Prythee let's go see. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

Bayes with a papyr on his Nose, and the two Gentlemen.

Bayes. NOw, Sir, this I do, because my fancie in this Play is to end every Act with a Dance.

Smi. Faith, that fancie is very good, but I should hardly have broke my nose for it, though.

Johns. That fancie, I suppose, is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my fancies are so. I tread upon no mans heels; but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. As, now, this next Scene some perhaps will say, It is not very necessary to the Plot: I grant it; what then? I meant it so.

But

But then it's as full of Drollery as ever it can hold: 'tis like an Orange ſtuck with Cloves, as for conceipt. Come, where are you? This Scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted: it is a Scene of ſheer Wit, without any mixture in the world, I gad. [*Reads.*

Enter Prince Pretty-man, *and* Tom Thimble *his Taylor.*

This, Sirs, might properly enough be call'd a prize of Wit; for you ſhall ſee 'em come in upon one another ſnip ſnap, hit for hit, as faſt as can be. Firſt one ſpeaks, then preſently t'other's upon him ſlap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, daſh with a new conceipt: and ſo eternally, eternally, I gad, till they go quite off the Stage.

[*Goes to call the Players.*

Smi. What a plague, does this Fop mean by his ſnip ſnap, hit for hit, and daſh?

Johnſ. Mean? why, he never meant any thing in's life: what doſt talk of meaning for?

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Pretty-man *and* Tom. Thimble.

Pret. But pr'ythee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine Taylors make but one man; and one woman cannot be ſatisfi'd with nine men: what work art thou cutting out here for thy ſelf, trow we?

Bayes. Good.

Thim. Why, an't pleaſe your Highneſs, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I ſhan't want Journey-men to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy Journey-men, though, *Tom*, won't work by the day, but by the night.

Bayes. Good ſtill.

Thim. However, if my wife ſits but croſs-leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half ſo much as when I truſted you for your Coronation-ſuit.

Bayes. Very good, i'faith.

Pret. Why, the times then liv'd upon truſt; it was the faſhion.

fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: A Taylor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. I'm sure, Sir, I made your cloath in the Court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes. There's a bob for the Court.

Pret. Why, *Tom*, thou art a sharp rogue when thou art angry, I see; thou pay'st me now, methinks.

Thim. I, Sir, in your own coyn: you give me nothing but words.

Bayes. Admirable, before gad.

Pret. Well, *Tom*, I hope shortly I shall have another coyn for thee; for now the Wars come on, I shall grow to be a man of mettal.

Bayes. O, you did not do that half enough.

Johns. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. I, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part.

Thim. That's the way to be stamp'd your self, Sir. I shall see you come home, like an Angel for the Kings-evil, with a hole bor'd through you. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. That's very good, i'faith: ha, ha, ha. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I gad. How do you like it now, Gentlemen? is not this pure Wit?

Smi. 'Tis snip snap, Sir, as you say; but, methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose, for the Play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

Smi. Yes, but the Plot stands still.

Bayes. Plot stand still! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smi. O, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not: not many things more, that I am Master of. Now, Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us Writers: let us soar never so little above the common pitch, I gad, all's spoil'd; for the vulgar never understand us, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellencies of these things.

Johns.

Johns. 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess; but you write on still?

Bayes. Write on? I, I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things to be good, what care I what they say? What, they are gone, and forgot the Song!

Smi. They have done very well, methinks, here's no need of one.

Bayes. Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must ever interlard your Plays with Songs, Ghosts and Idols, if you mean to —— a ——

Johns. Pit, Box and Gallery, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I gad, Sir, and you have nick'd it. Hark you, Mr. *Johnson*, you know I don't flatter, a gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

Johns. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnson*, Ifacks this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have wit by the judgement you make of this Play; for that's the measure I go by: my Play is my Touch-stone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts; is he so, say I? what do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: if he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir, I'l no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, a gad. Now here we go on to our business.

SCENA II.

Enter the two Usurpers, hand in hand.

Usu. BUt what's become of *Volscius* the great?
His presence has not grac'd our Court of late.

Phys. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,
Has from us that Illustrious *Hero* wrung.

Bayes. Is not that Majestical?

Smi. Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volscius*?

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with *Parthenope.*

Smi. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Cordelio.

Cor. My Leiges, news from *Volscius* the Prince.

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

Smi. How, Sir, do you mean that? whether it be good or bad?

Bayes. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: Godsookers you'l spoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

Smi. Cry you mercie, Sir.

Cor. His Highness Sirs, commanded me to tell you,
That the fair person whom you both do know,
Despairing of forgiveness for her fault,
In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt
Upon her precious life; but, by the care
Of standers-by, prevented was.

Smi. 'Sheart, what stuff's here!

Cor. At last,
Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd:
His servants he into the Country sent,
And he himself to *Piccadille* went.
Where he's inform'd, by Letters, that she's dead.

Ush. Dead! is that possible? Dead!

Phys. O ye Gods! [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. There's a smart expression of a passion; O ye Gods! That's one of my bold strokes, a gad.

Smi. Yes; but who is the fair person that's dead?

Bayes. That you shall know anon.

Smi. Nay, if we know it at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that she's not dead neither.

Smi. Marry, that's good news: I am glad of that with all my heart.

Bayes. Now, here's the man brought in that is suppos'd to have kill'd her. [*A great shout within.*

Enter

Enter Amarillis *with a Book in her hand and Attendants.*

Ama. What ſhout Triumphant's that?

Enter a Souldier.

Sol. Shie maid, upon the River brink, near *Twick'nam* Town, the aſſaſſinate is tane.

Ama. Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance. I hope its ſlow beginning will portend
A forward *Exit* to all future end.

Bayes. Piſh, there you are out; to all future end? No, no; to all future end; you muſt lay the accent upon end, or elſe you loſe the conceipt.

Johnſ. Indeed the alteration of that accent does a great deal, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes, O, all in all, Sir: they are theſe little things that mar, or ſet you off a Play.

Smi. I ſee you are very perfect in theſe matters.

Bayes. I, Sir; I have been long enough at it to know ſomething.

Enter Souldiers dragging in an old Fiſherman.

Ama. Villain, what Monſter did corrupt thy mind
T'attaque the nobleſt ſoul of humane kind?
Tell me who ſet thee on.

Fiſh. Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fiſh. Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. What, did Prince *Pretty-man* hire you to kill Prince *Pretty-man?*

Fiſh. No; Prince *Volſcius.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fiſh. Prince *Volſcius.*

Ama. What, did Prince *Volſcius* hire you to kill Prince *Volſcius?*

Fiſh. No; Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. So, drag him hence,
Till torture of the Rack produce his ſence. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects; for that's the deſign of this Scene.

Smi. I see, Sir, you have a several design for every Scene.

Bayes. I; that's my way of writing: and so I can dispatch you, Sir, a whole Play, before another man, I gad, can make an end of his Plot. So, now enter Prince *Pretty-man* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Pretty-man?* why when, I say? O fie, fie, fie, fie; all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

Enter Pretty-man.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir: now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to gad Mr. —— a —— I would not give a button for my Play, now you have done this.

Pret. What, Sir?

Bayes. What, Sir? 'Slife, Sir, you should have come out in choler, rous upon the Stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you of these things?

Johns. Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

Smi. I am not of your opinion.

Bayes. Pish! come, let's hear your Part, Sir.

Pret. Bring in my Father, why d'ye keep him from me?
Although a Fisherman, he is my Father,
Was ever Son, yet, brought to this distress,
To be, for being a Son, made fatherless?
Oh, you just Gods, rob me not of a Father.
The being of a Son take from me rather. [*Exit.*

Smi. Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

Johns. A Devil, this is worst of all. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, what's the meaning of this Scene?

Bayes. O, cry you mercie, Sir: I purtest I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that, long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fisherman.

Smi. How, Sir, taken Prisoner?

Bayes. Taken Prisoner! O Lord, what a question's there! did ever any man ask such a question? Taken Prisoner! Godsookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd question. What was I going to say?

Johns. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes.

Bayes. Stay, let me ſee; taken: O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to ſay, his Highneſs here, the Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fiſherman, and brought up as his Child.

Smi. Indeed?

Bayes. Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And ſo, Sir, this murder being committed by the River-ſide, the Fiſherman, upon ſuſpicion, was ſeiz'd; and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

Smi. So, ſo; now 'tis very plain.

Johnſ. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is not that ſome diſparagement to a Prince, to paſs for a Fiſhermans Son? Have a care of that, I pray.

Bayes. No, no, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I ſhall fetch him off again, preſently, you ſhall ſee.

Enter Pretty-man *and* Thimble.

Pret. By all the Gods, I'l ſet the world on fire
Rather than let 'em raviſh hence my Sire.

Thim. Brave *Pretty-man*, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

Bayes. Lo' you now, there he's off again.

Johnſ. Admirably done i'faith.

Bayes. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What Oracle this darkneſs can evince?
Sometimes a Fiſhers Son, ſometimes a Prince.
It is a ſecret, great as is the world;
In which, I, like the ſoul, am toſs'd and hurl'd.
The blackeſt Ink of Fate, ſure, was my Lot.
And, when ſhe writ my name, ſhe made a blot.

[*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a bluſt'ring verſe for you now.

Smi. Yes, Sir; but pray, why is he ſo mightily troubled to find he is not a Fiſhermans Son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not becauſe he has a mind to be his Son, but for fear he ſhould be thought to be nobodies Son at all.

Smi. I, that would trouble a man, indeed.

Bayes. So, let me see. Enter Prince *Volscius*, going out of Town.

Smi. I thought he had been gone to *Piccadillé*.

Bayes. Yes, he gave out so; but that was onely to cover his design.

Johns. What design?

Bayes. Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him in *Knights-bridge*.

Johns. I see here is a great deal of Plot, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a world of more business anon.

Enter Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amarillis, *and* Harry *with a Riding-Cloak and Boots.*

Ama. Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the Town,
And to retire to Country solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we should at least
Have held the honour of your company.

Bayes. Held the honour of your Company! prettily expresst! Held the honour of your company! Godsookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing.

Johns. I assure you, Sir, I admire it extreamly; I don't know what he does.

Bayes. I, I, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain,
That you will here with poor us still remain.
Before your Horses come pronounce our fate,
For then, alas, I fear 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Volsc. Harry, my Boots; for I'l go rage among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an Army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge*.

Bayes. In *Knights-bridge*? stay.

Johns. No, not if the Inn-keepers be his friends.

Bayes. His friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else, indeed, I grant it could not be.

Smi. Yes, faith, so it might be very easily.

Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things easie, I gad, I'l give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of Town; but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him presently.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me, I know not what to think.

Enter Parthenope.

Volf. Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!
Too soon I thought my self secure from Love.
Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name
Who does so gently rob me of my fame?
For I should meet the Army out of Town,
And, if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town-walls,
And me her dear *Parthenope* she calls.

Volf. Can vulgar Vestments high-born beauty shrowd?
Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

Bayes. The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A, Gadsookers, what a conceipt is there!

Par. Give you good Ev'n, Sir. [*Exit.*

Volf. O inauspicious Stars! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!

Ama. Cloris. How! Prince *Volscius* in love? Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt laughing.*

Smi. Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

Bayes. Why did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots, falls in love. Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. O, I did not observe: that, indeed, is a very good jest.

Bayes. Here, now, you shall see a combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't; but

but I have dispatch'd it all in this Scene.

Volscius *sits down.*

Volf. How has my passion made me *Cupid's* scoff!
This hasty Boot is on, the other off,
And sullen lyes, with amorous design
To quit loud fame, and make that Beauty mine.
My Legs, the Emblem of my various thought,
Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.
Sometimes, with stubborn Honour, like this Boot,
My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do't:
Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love
Disarmed, like this other Leg does prove.

Johns. What pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to act this speech himself!

Smi. I, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Volf. Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?
Go on, cryes Honour; tender Love says, nay:
Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both boots on;
But softer Love does whisper, put on none.
What shall I do? what conduct shall I find
To lead me through this twy-light of my mind?
For as bright Day with black approach of Night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;
So does my Honour and my Love together
Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[*Exit with one Boot on, and the other off.*

Johns. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither side.

Bayes. Ay, is't not, I gad, ha? For, to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the world, I gad. But, Sirs, you cannot make any judgement of this Play, because we are come but to the end of the second Act. Come, the Dance. [*Dance.*
Well, Gentlemen, you'l see this Dance, if I am not mistaken, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

Smi.

Smi. I don't know 'twill take, Sir; but I am ſure you ſweat hard for't.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, it coſts me more pains, and trouble, to do theſe things, than almoſt the things are worth.

Smi. By my troth, I think ſo, Sir.

Bayes. Not for the things themſelves, for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I gad, theſe Players are ſuch dull perſons, that, if a man be not by upon every point, and at every turn, I gad, they'l miſtake you, Sir, and ſpoil all.

Enter a Player.

What, is the Funeral ready?

Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis juſt now a doing.

Bayes. Stay then; I'l do it my ſelf.

Smi. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A match. But, Mr. *Johnſon*, I gad, I am not like other perſons; they care not what becomes of their things, ſo they can but get money for 'em: now, I gad, when I write, if it be not juſt as it ſhould be, in every circumſtance, to every particular, I gad, I am not able to endure it, I am not my ſelf, I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the ſtrangeſt perſon in the whole world. For what care I for my money? I gad, I write for Fame and Reputation. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACTUS

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, *and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. GEntlemen, becauſe I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the laſt Act beginning with a witty Scene of mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

Smi. And is that all your reaſon for it, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. No, Sir; I have a precedent for it too. A perſon of Honour, and a Scholar, brought in his Funeral juſt ſo: and he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as any man in *England*, I gad.

Johnſ. Nay, if that be ſo, you are ſafe.

Bayes. I gad, but I have another device, a frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the Plot or Characters, (for, in my Heroick Plays, I make no difference, as to thoſe matters) but for another contrivance.

Smi. What is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I have deſign'd a Conqueſt, that cannot poſſibly, I gad, be acted in leſs than a whole week: and I'l ſpeak a bold word; it ſhall Drum, Trumpet, Shout and Battel, I gad, with any the moſt warlike Tragœdy we have, either ancient or modern.

Johnſ. I marry, Sir; there you ſay ſomething.

Smi. And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this ſame frolick of yours?

Bayes. Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For example: they divide their things into three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, or as many Tomes as they pleaſe: now, I would very fain know, what ſhould hinder me, from doing the ſame with my things, if I pleaſe.

Johnſ.

Johns. Nay, if you should not be Master of your own works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my sence. And therefore, Sir, whereas every one makes five Acts to one Play, what do me I, but make five Plays to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

Johns. Most admirably good, i'faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

Bayes. I, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon *Saturday*, to make a close of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Monday*) I make you, Sir, a sixth Play, that sums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.

Johns. That consideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed, I think, will be very necessary.

Smi. And when comes in your share, pray Sir?

Bayes. The third week.

Johns. I vow, you'l get a world of money.

Bayes. Why, faith, a man must live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon some new device, I gad, you'l never do it, for this Age (take it o' my word) is somewhat hard to please. There is one prettie odd passage, in the last of these Plays, which may be executed to several ways, wherein I'ld have your opinion, Gentlemen.

Johns. Well, what is't?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I make a Male person to be in Love with a Female.

Smi. Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it. You shall hear. He having passionately lov'd her through my five whole Plays, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a passion as he lov'd her, she kills her self. Now my question is, which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

Johns. By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

Bayes. The hardeſt in the world, I gad; and has puzzled this pate very much. What ſay you, Mr. *Smith?*

Smi. Why, truly, Mr. *Bayes*, if it might ſtand with your juſtice, I ſhould now ſpare 'em both.

Bayes. I gad, and I think ——— ha ——— why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing her ſelf. Ay, it ſhall be ſo. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

Enter a Funeral, with the two Uſurpers and Attendants.

Lay it down there: no, here, Sir. So, now ſpeak.

K. Uſh. Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our grief
Receive, from its embraces, ſome relief.

K. Phyſ. Was't not unjuſt to raviſh hence her breath,
And, in life's ſtead, to leave us nought but death?
The world diſcovers now its emptineſs,
And, by her loſs, demonſtrates we have leſs.

Bayes. Is not that good language now? is not that elevate? It's my *non ultra*, I gad. You muſt know they were both in love with her.

Smi. With her? with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is *Lardella*'s Funeral.

Smi. Lardella! I, who is ſhe?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Siſter of *Drawcanſir*. A Ladie that was drown'd at Sea, and had a wave for her winding-ſheet.

K. Uſh. Lardella, O *Lardella*, from above,
Behold the Tragick iſſue of our Love.
Pitie us, ſinking under grief and pain,
For thy being caſt away upon the Main.

Bayes. Look you now, you ſee I told you true.

Smi. I, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

Bayes. Ay, I gad, but you will not have patience; honeſt Mr. ——— a ——— you will not have patience.

Johnſ. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcanſir?*

Bayes. Why, Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Miſtriſs, ſnubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to good manners, juſtice or numbers.

Johnſ. A very prettie Character.

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been men of great humanity and juſtice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been ſo; but, for my part, I prefer that one quality of ſingly beating of whole Armies, above all your moral vertues put together, I gad. You ſhall ſee him come in preſently. Zookers, why don't you read the papyr? [*To the Players.*

K. Phyſ. O, cry you mercie. [*Goes to take the papyr.*

Bayes. Piſh! nay you are ſuch a fumbler. Come, I'l read it my ſelf. [*Takes a papyr from off the coffin.* Stay, it's an ill hand, I muſt uſe my Spectacles. This, now, is a Copie of Verſes, which I make *Lardella* compoſe, juſt as ſhe is dying, with deſign to have it pin'd on her Coffin, and ſo read by one of the Uſurpers, who is her Couſin.

Smi. A very ſhrewd deſign that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. And what do you think I fancie her to make Love like, here, in the papyr?

Smi. Like a woman: what ſhould ſhe make Love like?

Bayes. O'my word you are out though, Sir; I gad you are.

Smi. What then? like a man?

Bayes. No, Sir; like a Humble Bee.

Smi. I confeſs, that I ſhould not have fancy'd.

Bayes. It may be ſo, Sir. But it is, though, in order to the opinion of ſome of your ancient Philoſophers, who held the tranſmigration of the ſoul.

Smi. Very fine.

Bayes. I'l read the Title. *To my dear Couz., King* Phyſ.

Smi. That's a little too familiar with a King, though, Sir, by your favour, for a Humble Bee.

Bayes. Mr. *Smith*, for other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to ſay, I underſtand that better: it has been longer my practice; it has indeed, Sir.

Smi. Your ſervant, Sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it.

Since death my earthly part will thus remove [*Reads.*
I'l come a Humble Bee to your chaſte love.

With ſilent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;
Or elſe, before you, in the Sun-beams buz.
And when to Melancholy Groves you come,
An Airy Ghoſt, you'l know me by my Hum;
For ſound, being Air, a Ghoſt does well become.

Smi. After a pauſe. Admirable!

Bayes. At night, into your boſom I will creep,
And Buz but ſoftly if you chance to ſleep:
Yet, in your Dreams, I will paſs ſweeping by,
And then, both Hum and Buz before your eye.

Johnſ. By my troth, that's a very great promiſe.

Smi. Yes, and a moſt extraordinary comfort to boot.

Bayes. Your bed of Love, from dangers I will ſree;
But moſt, from love of any future Bee.
And when, with pitie, you heart-ſtrings ſhall crack,
With emptie arms I'l bear you on my back.

Smi. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay, I gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha? is it not *tuant?* Here's the end.

Then, at your birth of immortality,
Like any winged Archer, hence I'l fly,
And teach you your firſt flutt'ring in the Sky.

Johnſ. O rare! it is the moſt natural, refin'd fancie this, that ever I heard, I'l ſwear.

Bayes. Yes, I think, for a dead perſon, it is a good enough way of making love: for being diveſted of her Terreſtrial part, and all that, ſhe is only capable of theſe little, pretty, amorous deſigns that are innocent, and yet paſſionate. Come, draw your ſwords.

K. Phyſ. Come ſword, come ſheath thy ſelf within this breſt,
That only in *Lardella's* Tomb can reſt.

K. Uſh. Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart,
Which cannot from *Lardella's* Love depart.

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, ſtop your murd'ring hands
At *Pallaſes* commands:

For

For the ſuppoſed dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act ſuch deadly things.
Lardella lives: I did but try
If Princes for their Loves could dye.
Such Cœleſtial conſtancie
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be:
And from theſe Funeral obſequies
A Nuptial Banquet ſhall ariſe.

[*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is diſcover'd.*

Bayes. Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of the fair perſon which *Volſcius* ſent word was dead, and *Pallas*, you ſee, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

Johnſ. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would pleaſe you: for the chief Art in Poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off ſome extraordinary way.

K. Uſh. Reſplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fierceſt Beauty, and a fiercer mind:
And ſince to thee *Lardella*'s life we owe,
We'l ſupple Statues in thy Temple grow.

K. Phyſ. Well, ſince alive *Lardella*'s found,
Let, in full Boles, her health go round.

[*The two Uſurpers take each of them a Bole in their hands.*

K. Uſh. But where's the Wine?

Pal. That ſhall be mine.
Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the pureſt wine of *France*: | *Fills the Boles*
And, to appeaſe your hunger, I | *out of her Lance.*
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye:
Laſtly, to bear a part with theſe,
Behold a Buckler made of Cheeſe. [*Vaniſh* Pallas.

Enter Drawcanſir.

K. Phyſ. What man is this that dares diſturb our feaſt?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die,
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

Johnſ. That is as much as to ſay, that though he would rather then

ther die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the conceipt on't.

Johnſ. 'Tis a marveilous good one, I ſwear.

K. Uſh. Sir, if you pleaſe, we ſhould be glad to know
How long you here will ſtay, how ſoon you'l go.

Bayes. Is not that now like a well-bred perſon, I gad? So modeſt, ſo gent!

Smi. O, very like.

Draw. You ſhall not know how long I here will ſtay;
But you ſhall know I'l take my Boles away.

Snatches the Boles out of the Kings hands, and drinks 'em off.

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is that (too) modeſt and gent?

Bayes. No, I gad, Sir, but it's great.

K. Uſh. Though, Brother, this grum ſtranger be a Clown,
He'l leave us, ſure, a little to gulp down.

Draw. Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares think
I'l ſtare away his very pow'r to drink.

The two Kings ſneak off the Stage, with their Attendants,

I drink, I huff, I ſtrut, look big and ſtare;
And all this I can do, becauſe I dare. [*Exit.*

Smi. I ſuppoſe, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero* you ſpoke of.

Bayes. Yes; but this is nothing: you ſhall ſee him, in the laſt Act, win above a dozen battels, one after another, I gad, as faſt as they can poſſibly be repreſented.

Johnſ. That will be a ſight worth ſeeing, indeed.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the Kings let him uſe 'em ſo ſcurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! that is to raiſe the character of *Drawcanſir*.

Johnſ. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I'l ſhew you a Scene indeed; or rather, indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroick Scene.

Smi. And pray, Sir, what is your deſign in this Scene?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my deſign is *Roman* Cloaths, guilded Trunche-

Truncheons, forc'd conceipt, ſmooth Verſe, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene does not take, I gad, I'l write no more. Come, come in, Mr. —— a —— nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I muſt deſire you to remove a little, for I muſt fill the Stage.

Smi. Why fill the Stage?

Bayes. O, Sir, becauſe your Heroick Verſe never founds well, but when the Stage is full.

SCÆNA II.

Enter Prince Pretty-man, *and Prince* Volſcius.

NAy, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is ſomewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out becauſe they are not in love with the ſame woman.

Smi. Not in love? you mean, I ſuppoſe, becauſe they are in love, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. No, Sir; I ſay not in love: there's a new conceipt for you. Now ſpeak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince *Volſcius*, has found out the way
For our ſo long'd-for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Volſ. I gladly would that ſtory of thee learn;
But thou to love doſt, *Pretty-man*, incline:
Yet love in thy breaſt is not love in mine.

Bayes. Antitheſis! thine and mine.

Pret. Since love it ſelf's the ſame, why ſhould it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reaſoning; I gad, I love reaſoning in verſe.

Volſ. Love takes, *Camelion*-like, a various dye
From every Plant on which it ſelf does lye.

Bayes. Simile!

Pret. Let not thy love the courſe of Nature fright:
Nature does moſt in harmony delight.

Volſ. How weak a *Deity* would Nature prove
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love?

Bayes.

Bayes. There's a great Verse!

Volſ. If Incenſe thou wilt offer at the Shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her Roſie-lips eternal ſweets exhale;
And her bright flames make all flames elſe look pale.

Bayes. I gad, that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull Incenſe may thy love ſuffice;
But mine muſt be ador'd with Sacrifice.
All hearts turn aſhes which her eyes controul:
The Body they conſume as well as Soul.

Volſ. My love has yet a power more Divine;
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:
Amid'ſt the flames they ne'er give up the Ghoſt,
But, with her looks, revive ſtill as they roaſt.
In ſpite of pain and death, they're kept alive:
Her fiery eyes makes 'em in fire ſurvive.

Bayes. That is as well as I can do.

Volſ. Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, I gad.

Pret. I'l ſooner have a paſſion for a Whale:
In whoſe vaſt bulk, though ſtore of Oyl doth lye,
We find more ſhape more beauty in a Fly.

Smi. That's uncivil, I gad.

Bayes. Yes; but as far a fetch'd fancie, though, I gad, as ever you ſaw.

Volſ. Soft, *Pretty-man*, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect love, defame loves excellence.
Parthenope is ſure as far above
All other loves, as above all is Love.

Bayes. Ah! I gad, that ſtrikes me.

Pret. To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Volſ. Were all Gods joyn'd, they could not hope to mend
My better choice: for fair *Parthenope*,
Gods would, themſelves, un-god themſelves to ſee.

Bayes. Now the Rant's a coming.

Pret.

Pret. Durſt any of the Gods be ſo uncivil,
I'ld make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.

Bayes. Ah, Godſookers, that's well writ!

Volſ. Could'ſt thou that God from Heav'n to Earth tranſlate,
He could not fear to want a Heav'nly State.
Parthenope, on Earth, can Heav'n create.

Pret. *Cloris* does Heav'n it ſelf ſo far excel,
She can tranſcend the joys of Heav'n in Hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath, I have loſt my peruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is that I never yet ſaw any one could write, but my ſelf. Here's true ſpirit and flame all through, I gad. So, So; pray clear the Stage.

[*He puts 'em off the Stage.*

Johnſ. But, Mr. *Bayes*, pray why is this Scene all in Verſe?

Bayes. O, Sir, the ſubject is too great for Proſe.

Smi. Well ſaid, i'faith; I'l give thee a pot of Ale for that anſwer: 'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart.
I'l make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.
That ſingle line, I gad, is worth all that my brother Poets ever writ. So, now let down the Curtain. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, and the two Gentlemen.

Bayes. NOw, Gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew you the greatest Scene that ever *England* saw: I mean not for words, for those I do not value; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine, I'll justifie it to be as grand to the eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in *Harry* the Eight, and grander too, I gad; for, instead of two Bishops, I have brought in two other Cardinals.

The Curtain is drawn up, and the two usurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals. Prince Pretty-man, *Prince* Volscius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, *&c. before them, Heralds and Serjeants at Arms with Maces.*

Smi. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

Bayes. Why, Sir, because—— By gad, I won't tell you.

Smi. I ask your pardon, Sir.

K. Ush. Now, Sir, to the business of the day.

Volsc. Dread Soveraign Lords, my zeal to you, must not invade my duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince *Pretty-man* first do speak: whose high preheminence, in all things that do bear the name of good, may justly claim that priviledge.

Pret. Royal Father, upon my knees I beg
That the Illustrious *Volscius* first be heard.

Bayes.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold: you may perceive, now, that he is his Son.

Johns. Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholden to you for that discovery.

Volf. That preference is only due to *Amarillis*, Sir.

Bayes. I'l make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible Soveraigns—— [*Soft Musick.*

K. Ush. But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?

K. Phys. Sure 'tis the Musick of the moving Spheres.

Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far
A God-like-Cloud, and a triumphant Carr:
In which, our two right Kings sit one by one,
With Virgin Vests, and Laurel Garlands on.

K. Ush. Then, Brother *Phys'*, 'tis time that we were gone.

The two Usurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.

Bayes. Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as easie a turn as the other?

Smi. Yes, faith, you did so; though, I confess, I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I see.

The two right Kings of Brentford *descend in the Clouds, singing in white garments; and three Fidlers sitting before them, in green.*

Bayes. Now, because the two Right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the Tune, and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 *King.* Haste, brother King, we are sent from above.
2 *King.* Let us move, let us move,
Move to remove the Fate
Of *Brentford*, long united State.
1 *King.* Tara, tara, tara, full East and by South,
2 *King.* We sail with Thunder in our mouth,

In ſcorching noon-day, whil'ſt the traveller ſtayes,
Buſie, buſie, buſie, buſie, we buſtle along.
Mounted upon warm *Phœbus* his Rayes,
Through the Heavenly throng,
Haſte to thoſe
Who will feaſt us, at night, with a Pigs Petty-toes.

1 *King.* And we'l fall with our pate
In an *Ollio* of hate.

2 *King.* But now ſupper's done, the Servitors try,
Like Souldiers, to ſtorm a whole half-moon-pye.

1 *King.* They gather, they gather hot Cuſtard in ſpoons,
Alas, I muſt leave theſe half-moons,
And repair to my truſty Dragoons.

2 *King.* O ſtay, for you need not as yet go aſtray;
The Tyde, like a friend, has brought ſhips in our way,
And on their high-ropes we will play.
Like Maggots in Filberds, we'l ſnug in our ſhell,
We'l friſk in our ſhell,
We'l firk in our ſhell,
And farewel.

1 *King.* But the Ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of *France*.

Bayes. Is not that pretty, now? The Fidlers are all in green.

Smi. I, but they play no Coranto.

Johnſ. No, but they play a Tune, that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No Coranto quoth a! that's a good one, with all my heart. Come, ſing on.

2 *King.* Now Mortals that hear
How we Tilt and Carrier,
With wonder will fear
The event of ſuch things as ſhall never appear.

1 *King.* Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 *King.* Then call me to help you, if there ſhall be need.

1 *King.* So firmly reſolv'd is a true *Brentford* King
To ſave the diſtreſſed, and help to 'em bring,

That ere a Full-pot of good Ale you can ſwallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

[Bayes *phillips his finger, and ſings after 'em.*

Bayes. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla. This, Sir, you muſt know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.

Johnſ. I, that would have been better.

Bayes. No, faith, not when you conſider it: for thus 'tis more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smi. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

Smi. Well; but, methinks, the Sence of this Song is not very plain.

Bayes. Plain? why, did you ever hear any people in Clouds ſpeak plain? They muſt be all for flight of fancie, at its full range, without the leaſt check, or controul upon it. When once you tye up ſpirits, and people in Clouds to ſpeak plain, you ſpoil all.

Smi. Bleſs me, what a Monſter's this!

[*The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and ſtep into the Throne.*

1 *King.* Come, now to ſerious counſel we'l advance.

2 *King.* I do agree; but firſt, let's have a Dance.

Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. *Curtwright.* But firſt, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be ſure you do it always juſt ſo: for it muſt be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. But firſt, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that.

Smi. Well, I can hold no longer, I muſt gag this rogue; there's no induring of him.

Johnſ. No, pr'ythee make uſe of thy patience a little longer: let's ſee the end of him now.

[*Dance a grand Dance.*

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging

to the Kings of *Brentford*; and since deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.

1 *King.* What sawcie Groom molests our privacies?

1 *Her.* The Army's at the door, and in disguise,
Desires a word with both your Majesties:

2 *Her.* Having, from *Knights-bridge*, hither march'd by stealth.

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health.

Smi. How, Mr. *Bayes*, the Army in disguise?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, for fear the Usurpers might discover them that went out but just now.

Smi. Why, what if they had discover'd them?

Bayes. Why then they had broke this design.

Smi. That's true, indeed. I did not think of that.

1 *King.* Here, take five Guineys for those warlike men.

2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the sum just ten.

1 *Her.* We have not seen so much the Lord knows when.
[*Exeunt Heralds.*

1 *King.* Speak on, brave *Amarillis.*

Ama. Invincible Soveraigns, blame not my modesty,
If at this grand conjuncture——

[*Drum beats behind the Stage.*

1 *King.* What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes?

Enter a Soldier with his Sword drawn.

Sold. Haste hence, great Sirs, your Royal persons save,
For the event of war no mortal knows:
The Army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
First fell to words, and then to handy-blows. [*Exit.*

2 *King.* O dangerous estate of Soveraign pow'r!
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1 *King.* Let us for shelter in our Cabinet stay:
Perhaps these threat'ning storms may pass away.
[*Exeunt.*

Johns. But, Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promise us, just now, to make *Amarillis* speak very well?

Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, and so she would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

Smi. How, Sir? whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, Sir; the Plot lay so that, I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smi. Marry, that was hard.

John. But, pray, who hinder'd her?

Bayes. Why, the battel, Sir, that's just coming in at door. And I'l tell you now a strange thing: though I don't pretend to do more than other men, I gad, I'l give you both a whole week to ghess how I'l represent this Battel.

Smi. I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, Sir, I assure you.

Bayes. Why, there's it now: fight a Battel? there's the common error. I knew presently where I should have you. Why, pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a battel before Ladies, to have men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

Johns. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

Bayes. On the other side; to have a long relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is that but a dull prolixity?

Johns. Excellently reason'd, by my troth!

Bayes. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those Indecorums, I sum up my whole battel in the representation of two persons only, no more: and yet so lively, that, I vow to gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it, really engag'd. Do you mark me?

Smi. Yes, Sir; but I think I should hardly swear, though, for all that.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, but you would, though, when you see it: for I make 'em both come out in Armor, *Cap-a-pea*, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a scarlet Ribbon at their wrists, (which, you know, represents fighting enough) each of 'em holding a Lute in his hand.

Smi. How, Sir, instead of a Buckler?

Bayes.

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! inſtead of a Buckler? Pray, Sir, do you ask no more queſtions. I make 'em, Sir, play the battel in *Recitativo*. And here's the conceipt. Juſt at the very ſame inſtant that one ſings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himſelf in a warlike poſture: ſo that you have at once your ear entertain'd with Muſick, and good Language; and your eye ſatisfi'd with the garb, and accoutrements of war. Is not that well?

Johnſ. I, what would you have more? he were a Devil that would not be ſatisfi'd with that.

Smi. I confeſs, Sir, you ſtupifie me.

Bayes. You ſhall ſee.

Johnſ. But, Mr. *Bayes*, might not we have a little fighting for I love thoſe Plays, where they cut and flaſh one another, upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

Bayes. Why, then, to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you ſhall have my *Recitativo* firſt.

Enter, at ſeveral doors, the General, and Lieutenant General, arm'd Cap-a-pea, *with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his ſword drawn, and hung, with a ſcarlet Ribbon at his wriſt.*

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou lyeſt.

Gen. Arm, arm, *Gonſalvo*, arm; what ho?
The lye no fleſh can brook, I trow.

Lieut. Gen. Advance, from *Acton*, with the Muſquetiers.

Gen. Draw down the *Chelſey* Curiaſiers.

Lieut. Gen. The Band you boaſt of, *Chelſey* Curiaſiers,
Shall, in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.

Gen. *Chiſwickians*, aged, and renown'd in fight,
Joyn with the *Hammerſmith* Brigade.

Lieut. Gen. You'l find my *Mortlake* Boys will do them right,
Unleſs by *Fulham* numbers over-laid.

Gen. Let the left-wing of *Twick'nam* foot advance,
And line that Eaſtern hedge.

Lieut. Gen. The Horſe I rais'd in *Petty-France*
Shall try their chance.
And ſcowr the Medows, over-grown with Sedge.

Gen.

Gen. Stand: give the word.

Lieut. Gen. Bright Sword.

Gen. That may be thine,
But 'tis not mine.

Lieut. Gen. Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let those recreant Troops perceive mine ire.

Gen. Pursue, pursue; they fly
That first did give the lye. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. This, now, is not improper, I think, because the Spectators know all these Towns, and may easily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

Johns. Most exceeding well design'd!

Bayes. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a stop to this battel?

Smi. How?

Bayes. By an Eclipse: Which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancie that was yet never so much as thought of, but by my self, and one person more, that shall be nameless. Come, come in, Mr. ——a——.

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What mid-night darkness does invade the day,
And snatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey?
Is the Sun weary of this bloudy fight,
And winks upon us with his eye of light?
'Tis an Eclipse. This was unkind, O Moon,
To clap between me, and the Sun so soon.
Foolish Eclipse! thou this in vain hast done;
My brighter honour had Eclips'd the Sun:
But now behold Eclipses two in one. [*Exit.*

Johns. This is an admirable representation of a Battel, as ever I saw.

Bayes. I, Sir. But how would you fancie now to represent an Eclipse?

Smi. Why, that's to be suppos'd.

Bayes. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your suppose: ha, ha, ha. Why, you may as well suppose the whole Play. No,

it must come in upon the Stage, that's certain; but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceipt for't, that I am sure is new, and, I believe, to the purpose.

Johns. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a Dialogue, between *Phœbus* and *Aurora*, in the *Slighted Maid*: which, by my troth, was very pretty; though, I think, you'l confess this is a little better.

Johns. No doubt on't, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. But, Sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your Eclipse of the Moon, is nothing else, but an interposition of the Earth, between the Sun and Moon: as likewise your Eclipse of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and Sun?

Smi. I have heard so, indeed.

Bayes. Well, Sir, what do me I, but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: hum? And, of necessity, by the very nature of this Dance, the Earth must be sometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your Eclipses. That is new, I gad, ha?

Johns. That must needs be very fine, truly.

Bayes. Yes, there is some fancie in't. And then, Sir, that there may be something in it of a Joque, I make the Moon sell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out Eclipse, to the Tune of *Tom Tyler.*

Enter Luna.

Luna. Orbis, O *Orbis*,
Come to me thou little rogue *Orbis.*

Enter the Earth.

Orb. What calls *Luna* sister, pray?

Luna. Luna that ne'er shines by day.

Orb. What means *Luna* in a veil?

Luna. Luna means to shew her tail.

Enter Sol.

Sol. Fie, Sister, fie; thou mak'st me muse,
Dery, dery down,
To see thee Orb abuse.
Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move;
Since I did it out of love:
Hey down, dery down.
Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?
Luna. To morrow soon, ere it be noon,
On Mount *Vesuvio*. [*Bis.*
Sol. Then I will shine.
Orb. And I will be fine.
Luna. And we will drink nothing but Lipary wine.
Omnes. And we, *&c.*

Bayes. So, now, vanish Eclipse, and enter t'other Battel, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

A battel is fought between foot and great Hobby-horses. At last, Drawcansir *comes in, and kills 'em all on both sides: All this while the Battel is fighting,* Bayes *is telling them when to shout, and shouts with 'em.*

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill;
But I, the blood of thousands, daily spill.
Let petty Kings the names of Parties know:
Where e'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.
The swiftest Horsmen my swift rage controuls,
And from their Bodies drives their trembling souls.
If they had wings, and to the Gods could flie,
I would pursue, and beat 'em through the skie:
And make proud *Jove*, with all his Thunder, see.
This single Arm more dreadful is, than he. [*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. I have read of your *Hector*, your *Achilles*, and a hundred more; but I defie all your Histories, and your Romances too, I

gad, to ſhew me one ſuch Conqueror, as this *Drawcanſir*.

Johnſ. I ſwear, I think you may.

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, how ſhall all theſe dead men go off? for I ſee none alive to help 'em.

Bayes. Go off! why, as they came on; upon their legs: how ſhould they go off? Why, do you think the people do not know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man; your friend here is very filly, Mr. *Johnſon*, I gad, he is. Come, Sir, I'll ſhow you go off. Riſe, Sirs, and go about your buſineſs. There's go off for you. Hark you, Mr. *Ivory*. Gentlemen, I'll be with you preſently. [*Exit.*

Johnſ. Will you ſo? then we'l be gone.

Smi. I, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preſerve our hearing. One Battel more would take mine quite away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bayes *and Players.*

Bayes. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 *Play.* They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. Gone! Sdeath, this laſt Act is beſt of all. I'l go fetch 'em again. [*Exit.*

3 *Play.* Stay, here's a foul piece of papyr of his. Let's ſee what 'tis. *Redds. The Argument of the Fifth Act.*

Cloris, at length, being ſenſible of Prince *Pretty-man*'s paſſion, conſents to marry him; but, juſt as they are going to Church, Prince *Pretty-man* meeting, by chance, with old *Joan* the Chandlers widow, and remembring it was ſhe that firſt brought him acquainted with *Cloris*: out of a high point of honour, break off his match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Joan*. Upon which, *Cloris*, in deſpair, drowns her ſelf: and Prince *Pretty-man*, diſcontentedly, walks by the River ſide.

1 *Play.* Pox on't, this will never do: 'tis juſt like the reſt. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me sweat, to run after 'em. A couple of senceless rascals; that had rather go to dinner, than see this Play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come Mr. —— a —— Where are you, Sir? come away quick, quick.

Enter Players again.

Play. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

Play. Why, an't please your worship, Sir, the Players are gone to dinner too.

Bayes. How! are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impossible: the Players gone to dinner! I gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grain'd persons, and all that. I gad, I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. I gad, I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll sell this Play to the other House.

Play. Nay, good, Sir, don't take away the Book; you'll disappoint the Town, that comes to see it acted here, this afternoon.

Bayes. That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to my self, my Book and I will go together, we will not part, indeed, Sir. The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I gad, the Town has us'd me as scurvily, as the Players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on them too; I will both Lampoon and print 'em too, I gad. Since they will not admit of my Plays, they shall know what a Satyrist I am. And so farewel to this Stage for ever, I gad. [*Exit.*

1 *Play.* What shall we do now?

2 *Play.*

2 *Play.* Come then, let's set up Bills for another Play: We shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play.* I am of your opinion. But, before we go, let's see *Haynes* and *Shirley* practise the last Dance; for that may serve for another Play.

2 *Bayes.* I'l call 'em: I think they are in the Tyring-room.

The Dance done.

1 *Play.* Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THe Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
That circumstance our Poet Bayes forgot;
And we can boast, though 'tis a plotting Age,
No place is freer from it than the Stage.
The Ancients Plotted, though, and strove to please
With sence that might be understood with ease;
They every Scene with so much wit did store
That who brought any in, went out with more:
But this new way of wit does so surprise,
Men lose their wits in wond'ring where it lyes.
If it be true, that Monstrous births presage
The following mischiefs that afflicts the Age,
And sad disasters to the State proclaim;
Plays, without head or tail, may do the same.
Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdoms peace,
May this prodigious way of writing cease.
Let's have, at least, once in our lives, a time
When we may hear some Reason, not all Rhyme:
We have these ten years felt its Influence;
Pray let this prove a year of Prose and Sence.

FINIS.

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